You're Not Alone

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/18987298.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Arctic (2018), The Big C (TV), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Lee Fallon/H. Overgård
Characters:	Lee Fallon, Overgård (Arctic)
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Extended Universe, post canon for both, spoilers for both Arctic and The Big C, Flashbacks, Injury Recovery, Trauma Recovery, Canon-Typical Angst, First Meetings, Hook-Up, Developing Relationship, Teasing, Lots of Sex, (some implied), Reunions, Reunion Sex, Missing Persons, Presumed Dead, Hopeful Ending, Happy Ending, Everybody Lives, Cancer free Lee
Language:	English
Series:	Part 91 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-27 Words: 5,145 Chapters: 1/1

You're Not Alone

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Overgård is rescued from the Arctic and his boyfriend is waiting for him.

Notes

Well. I went and saw Arctic on Saturday night with Treacle_A and Zigzagwanderer and had this in my brain pretty much the moment the credits rolled. As noted in the tags this fic contains SPOILERS for Arctic (and I guess technically for The Big C).

NB: Overgård's name - in canon this is only shown as H. Overgård, and I think Joe Penna joked that it was Hannibal. But at some point in the fandom someone came up with Huxley (couldn't find who) and that seems to have become fanon, so I've used that as his name.

FYI - flashbacks are in italics.

“You’re okay, you’re not alone. Baby I’ve got you.” Lee tried to keep his tone calm, but it was hard to keep the emotion from his voice. The concern and hurt that this caused him seeing the man he loved in so much pain.

***

Lee couldn’t help but notice the man across at the bar. A light salt and pepper stubble that matched the colour of his neatly cut hair. He looked like a professional, maybe a lawyer or doctor.

He smiled as the man looked over and caught his eye too. Well, smirked really, and received one in return. Both clearly on the same page.

They didn’t talk much. Meeting in the middle of the dancefloor wordlessly and letting their bodies do the talking.

Lee was celebrating being given all clear after a successful remission thanks to treatment breakthroughs, and he was down to fuck. This was definitely just something casual. He had no plans to get into something serious with anyone, and was just perfectly happy with the attention.

But after a couple of hours of grinding on each other on the dancefloor, he'd taken the man home with him. It wasn't something he did often, preferring to fool around in the back rooms rather than letting it get somewhat personal.

They rode in a taxi the short way, groping and kissing. And still they didn't talk.

They fucked. Hard.

As soon as they'd gotten into Lee's apartment the man had pushed him up against the wall with clear intent. There was jostling and giggling as they both tried to remove clothing before finally falling onto the bed and going from there. There was something gentle in the way the man handled him even as he pounded their bodies together. It was exactly the mixture of hard and soft that Lee hadn't realised he'd needed. He spent every moment all the more grateful for having brought this stranger home.

It was hours later that they fell asleep, exhausted. So exhausted that Lee didn't even kick him out after, as he had with the few other guys he'd ever brought home.

Instead he found himself waking up in the morning with his head pillowed against a furry chest, arms circled around him and being held close. Lee swallowed and let his eyes flutter open, looking up to see the viking of a man he was snuggling with.

"Um… good morning," Lee said with a grin and a cocked brow. Surprised by the situation but oddly not at all bothered by it.

The man's eyes blinked open and he looked up at the ceiling for a moment before looking down at Lee and breaking into a smile.

"Hi."

Lee couldn't say he didn't enjoy the gravel in the man's voice, couldn't say he wasn't enjoying every little bit of this really.

"I'm Lee," he chuckled.

"Huxley, nice to meet you Lee."

"It was nice to be met," Lee teased a moment before the breath was knocked out of him as Huxley rolled him onto his back and pressed his slightly bulkier frame over him. Lee could feel the man's not insubstantial morning wood and had instant flashbacks to the night before.

"What are you doing for lunch?" Huxley muttered against Lee's lips before nipping at them.

Lee let out a sigh, grinning wide, "I didn't have any plans… I guess I do now."

***

Lee sat awake in bed, Hux's head in his lap as the man curled against him. Still broken in so many ways, still healing. It had only been a few weeks and although the trauma Lee went through with cancer wasn't the same thing, it was close enough to know Hux needed time, and not just to heal the physical wounds.

He had wondered at first if he'd want space too, but when Lee rushed to the hospital as soon as he'd been called, Hux had cried and clung to him. The first time they'd seen each other in so long.

It had been months. It had been… years.

They'd clung to each other and Lee wasn't sure they'd ever stop clinging together.

He could feel the dig of Hux's hands in his thigh as they lay there, could feel where there was a missing finger and the couple of missing tips.

Lee made comforting, hushing noises as he stroked Hux's hair, gentling him in his sleep.

***

"Lee!" Hux growled and lunged at him but Lee just laughed and dodged, leaving Hux to fall onto the bed with a playful frown.

"What? Doesn't it suit me?" Lee stood a little further from Hux's reach and tilted the pilot's hat on his head. The only thing he wore other than a pair of tight white boxer shorts.

"If it gets lost or destroyed, I will have to deal with that." Hux admonished, though his tone was still light.

"Aren't I worth it?" Lee canted a playful hip and laughed as Hux lunged for him again, almost falling off the bed as Lee danced back from his reach.

He was of course teasing. He wasn't going to wear his boyfriend's pilot hat to their first Pride together, but teasing Hux had become one of his favourite things in the little over a year they had known each other.

He moved a little closer, deliberately within reach now, but he gasped all the same as Hux hooked his fingers in his boxers and pulled him onto the bed.

He kept the hat on whilst Hux passionately fucked him.

***

Hux had been home three months when the nightmares seemed to get less. When he seemed to be able to sleep without waking in a panic every few hours wondering where he was and if he was safe.

And if *she* was safe.

But still they happened, intense and terrifying.

“I held her to me. And… I just needed to. It had been so long, I just needed to not feel alone. Is she...”

Lee had heard this before, as Hux had replayed over and over so many parts of his time in the Arctic. The trauma and the desperation. The waking in fear that he’d made it and she hadn’t. The times he’d confessed to Lee that he could have left her, that he nearly left her. And what if they had rescued him and she’d died there in the snow?

“She’s fine, she’s fine, baby. She’s back home with her family. And you’re here with me. I’ve got you. You’re not alone.”

Hux sobbed a moment longer and started to calm, started to go quiet and Lee knew he was drifting back into sleep.

He held him tight.

***

“Oh I like it!” Lee grinned, eyeing up Hux in his new uniform.

Lee had been hesitant at first when Hux had told him about changing jobs. In the three years they’d known each other Hux had worked for American Airlines and flew commercial flights. And whilst Lee couldn’t pretend that he didn’t always have that little buzz of fear when Hux left, especially on long haul flights, he knew he was sort of being ridiculous. Besides Hux had worked for these people before, back twenty years ago when he was first qualified. He was no stranger to flying back and forth over the snowy wilderness. And this was something Hux had wanted to get back into, had missed and wanted to move out of commercial flying.

Even so this was different, as far as Lee was concerned. Because Lee was in the picture now, he had the right to be concerned.

They’d been living together a year, bought a little house together and everything. Gone so far as to fill it with nick nacks and general ephemera that Lee hadn’t done before in his old apartment, even once he’d recovered from the cancer. Perhaps because he’d just become so used to not thinking about the future. But now there was one, together with Hux in their little house with their little garden. With the large wine rack in the kitchen, and an assortment of Danish trinkets in the den.

Although Hux was away some of the time, depending on the flights, Lee was busy with his wine bar and in all it worked. The days that they got where they were both home they spent together. In fact, running his own business meant that Lee could easily switch things around to always be free on Hux’s grounded days.

And whilst in theory, Lee knew that Hux would only be gone three weeks at a time and then home for two weeks, the thought of him pretty much permanently working overseas hurt his heart. Not that he was going to admit it. For one thing he hated to make himself vulnerable in

that way, even now, even with Hux. But also he didn't want Hux to feel any pressure from him on the matter.

Lee had never planned to settle down, and now he had, almost by accident, he wasn't going to change his mind on some core things. One being that he was never going to let anyone else dictate how he lived his life, so conversely he couldn't do that to Hux either.

But as the man stood there in the massive winter coat that was way too hot for the Minneapolis summer, Lee felt something in the pit of his stomach and tried to ignore that it was fear.

***

"You okay today baby?" Lee asked as he sipped his coffee, watching Hux amble slowly down the stairs as though every part of him ached. He was in his pyjamas and Lee knew it was going to be one of those days he probably wouldn't get dressed.

Hux nodded and tried for a smile, barely managing it as he took a seat at the breakfast bar and Lee moved to grab him a cup of coffee too.

"Aren't you… shouldn't you be going back to work?" Hux asked, his voice still hoarse even all these months later from the many months of disuse.

There was something in Hux's tone that sounded torn. Like he wasn't sure whether he wanted Lee to go or stay. Owning his own bar had given him the luxury of doing paper work from home, but getting the manager to fill in at the bar, so that he could always be there for Hux.

"You want me to give you some space for a few hours?" Lee asked gently, not wanting to beat about the bush with these things.

Hux let out a shuddering breath and then shook his head, looking down at his coffee.

"No, I don't think so…"

Lee moved around the counter until he was next to him and wrapped his arms around Hux, "It's okay if you do. I know we've been on top of each other a bit."

Hux shook his head. "It's not that. I was… alone for so long. I don't want to be alone again but sometimes being around people is hard. Even you." The last ended in a sob.

Lee nodded, understanding at least as much as he was able to.

"I'm going to pop to the bar for an hour, make sure everything is running okay. Pick up some paperwork." Lee said gently, pressing a kiss to Hux's temple.

Hux nodded at let out a sigh.

***

”Oh fuck, I missed you. Oh god, there baby… yes…right there, unnggg.” Lee panted as Hux thrust into him, pressed him to the sofa and took him hard and fast as their mouths clashed together again.

Hux had been away for six weeks, initial training on his new job, and then a few flights out to the Arctic to drop supplies at the research station.

The moment he’d walked through the door of their Minneapolis home Lee had jumped on him, wrapped his legs around him and kissed him passionately. Hux had dropped his duffel, with no chance to even consider going up the stairs as he held Lee up and stumbled into the living room. They dropped to the sofa, undoing just enough of their clothing, shedding just enough of their layers for Hux to push inside Lee with a groan.

Lee shuddered as Hux nailed his prostate over and over, wasting no time with teasing as he drove them both towards and quick and hard climax.

“Oh fuck!” Lee cried out and came between them, soiling their clothes. Hux followed shortly after spilling deep within Lee with a few final rolls of his hips through his orgasm.

Hux rested his forehead against Lee’s panting and shaking, “I missed you, I love you.”

Lee grinned and wrapped himself around Hux, not caring about the mess.

*

“Lee, I have to get ready…” Hux was grinning despite trying to pull out of Lee’s grasp.

Their two weeks together had gone too fast, and Lee hadn’t been able to get all of it free from the bar this time due to vacation he’d already promised others. And Lee couldn’t help but playfully try to keep Hux in their bed as he tried to pack.

Lee grabbed his ID on top of the case and pinned it to his boxers, at which Hux could only chuckle and shake his head.

“Did I tell you I found my old ID? It’s at the base, decades old… I look like a psychopath in it,” Hux chuckled as he started to prowl across the bed toward Lee.

Lee laughed, “Well, I’d have probably still fucked you.”

The laughter was knocked out of him and continued as a near fit of giggles as Hux was on him, ripping off his boxers and throwing them across the room before taking Lee into his mouth to show him how much he was going to miss him.

***

Hux hovered at the door.

“I won’t be long, but you have my cell and the number at the bar. If you want me to come home, or you need me to pick something up, just call.” Lee leaned in and kissed him, “Maybe I can grab us some takeout on the way home? Mexican?”

Hux nodded and it pained Lee to see him looking so fragile. This man who had once been his rock. Who had held him and consoled him when Lee had had to go for tests. Who celebrated with him and let him cry when the results came back clear, and the cancer hadn't returned.

This man who had always been the stronger of them even though Lee wasn't in any way weak. He'd been self assured and confident. The first to brush off any homophobic bullshit thrown at them in the street, glaring and wordlessly challenging where Lee might have flared up.

The strong silent type.

He'd been perfect for Lee. They'd been perfect together, and Lee wasn't sure how much of his Hux was around anymore.

***

"Oh god baby, you can't fuck me like that and then leave!" Lee laughed, sprawled on the bed and feeling well and truly fucked out after Hux had woken him with a blow job then proceeded to eat him out and then fuck him slow and deep.

He couldn't deny the welcome home and goodbye sex were definitely the best things about Hux's job. There had been a couple of times over the last year when Hux had even been able to get skype up and running in the back of beyond. Lee had taken the opportunity to give his man a show, wanking slowly and telling Hux how much he missed him, how much he wanted his fingers in him right then.

Lee loved the little whimpers that pulled from Hux, and how much harder the man fucked him the next time he was in town.

It wasn't a perfect situation, Lee still missed him and ended up working overly long hours in the bar to compensate. But he knew that, whilst Hux missed him too, he loved that job. There was something of the wilderness that called to Hux, something that called to the viking in him, Lee had joked more than once.

Lee groaned as Hux leaned over him and kissed down his back.

"One more hour," Hux rumbled the words against his skin. "Then I have to shower and get ready. You can shower with me if you like..."

"Baby, I'm not even sure I can stand anymore," Lee chuckled into the pillow before moaning again the the light touch of fingers over his skin. He raised his hips, hoping for a little more attention before it was time for Hux to leave.

***

"I'm back," Lee called through the house as he let himself in the front door, before heading into the kitchen and dropping the bag of takeout onto the counter.

It was so easy to imagine that this was years ago, when they first bought this house and started trying out all the local food places. Maybe it was Hux in his life or maybe being over

cancer, Lee was a lot less picky about what he was putting in his body, and sometimes junk food was just a must.

He remembered the amazing burger place that had closed down just after Hux had gone missing.

The thought struck him hard. He was flooded with memories of that day. Of getting the call from Hux's boss saying his flight had gone down, that there was a search party out looking. And then the days had worn on and the search had been called off and Hux and his copilot presumed dead. Lee hadn't wanted to accept it. He had raged against it. How could Hux be gone? Lee hadn't spent a decade fighting cancer, seeing friend after friends consumed by it, to lose someone like this.

He remembered that last time they'd said goodbye. The way Hux had made love to him that morning. The promise of more at their next reunion.

And weeks after, as he was going through paperwork, he'd found Hux's ID. It must have flown off when his boxers had been flung across the room months earlier. It had ended up in wardrobe, wedged next to the filing cabinet where Lee kept the confidential paperwork for the bar.

That had been almost two years ago and now Hux was home.

It was so unreal as to almost be a dream or delusion. But Lee remembered vividly the call from Hux's boss. Hux hadn't been well enough to talk over the phone from the hospital he and the other survivor were flown to in Alaska. Lee had flown up, and stayed with him as he recovered enough to return to Minneapolis.

He remembered seeing Hux in that hospital bed. His complexion a mixture of deathly pale and ruddy with ice burns. His lips cracked, his hair so pale - a grey blonde that made him look all the more washed out. Hux had been painfully thin from what Lee could see, and from when he helped the man to and fro once he was able to start using the bathroom, and when he was finally well enough for a flight home.

All this came flooding back to Lee and his breath caught in his chest, along with the sudden panic of not knowing where Hux was. Of him perhaps not really being there at all.

"Hux?" He called out to no response, "Huxley?" Lee called up the stairs and ascended them anyway despite the silence.

Lee jogged up the stairs and into their room, his heart pounding and then swelling with relief when he saw the heavy shape in the bed - Hux curled up under the covers.

Lee crawled onto the bed, bringing his face next to Hux's, wrapped up as he was.

"Hey," Lee said gently, smiling. "You doing okay?"

"I was a little cold." Hux replied quietly.

"Okay, you want a drink?"

Hux grumbled and shuffled as Lee moved off the bed, and then - to Lee's surprise - pulled back the covers to invite Lee in. They touched often, held each other often, but it was always Lee soothing and comforting Hux. It had been a long time since Hux had invited it in this casual way.

Lee let out a soft sigh and crawled into the bed, feeling every part of him melt when Hux enveloped him, pulling him close.

"I'm sorry this has been so difficult," Hux said gently.

"Shh, it's okay baby. You're healing. I'm here for you okay? You're not alone in this." Lee pressed a kiss to Hux's cheek and felt him shiver. "I'm here, take as long as you need."

They were silent for a moment and then Hux spoke hesitantly.

"Whilst I was gone… Did you…" He trailed off but Lee knew what he was asking and shuddered, knowing that this was always going to have to come up.

"Yes, I… I thought you were dead…" Lee said matter of factly rather than as an excuse. He felt Hux nod.

"I know, I don't blame you. When I was rescued, before you arrived at the hospital, I thought that you may have moved on. Perhaps be in a new relationship."

"No," The words came out as a desperate sob as Lee shook his head. "I tried. After a while I tried. I went to the bars and clubs. Went on a blind date for crying out loud," Lee chuckled despite the tears starting to roll down his cheeks. "I hooked up with some guy in the bathroom of a bar. I let him give me a blow job and then vomited. I came home and cried, I just… I don't know how I would have ever gotten over you. You're the only person I've ever… You're the only person I've ever really loved."

Hux let out a shuddering breath and pulled him tight.

"I love you so much. I missed you every day… And I… I didn't try hard enough. I should have got back to you sooner" Hux sobbed and Lee clung to him.

"You're here, you're here now."

"Until… until there was another person and she was sick and then I had to… And I had a map so I could see… Until then I just… I thought every day about setting off into the snow and hoping to find something, someone… Someway to get back to you." Hux sobbed, tears rolling down his cheeks and wetting Lee.

"It's okay, baby, it's all okay now." He held Hux as he cried, as emotions poured from him until it was late and they fell asleep, exhausted and drained.

*

Lee knew he'd pushed the covers off as he slept, had a vague memory of waking enough to shrug them off and push them down a little after being practically cocooned in them along

with Hux's body heat. But now he was chilly, the covers gone and Hux gone.

But it wasn't the chill that woke him.

"Ohhh fuck…" Lee groaned as he felt the warm heat on his cock and realised his pants had been undone and he'd been freed from his underwear.

They had held each other a lot since Hux came home, they'd kissed almost chastely even once his lips had healed. And Lee had never had any intention of pushing him into anything physical and until this point there seemed little interest from Hux in that regard.

But now as Hux sucked his dick and swallowed around it, Lee couldn't help but tremble with so many pent up emotions.

His chest broke and he felt his throat tighten. Despite the pleasure he wanted to sob, wanted to cry with happiness and relief. It had been so long and the thought of Hux finally being there with him like this again, feeling a little less broken, clutched Lee's heart.

A few licks and sucks, then Hux was pumping his cock with his hand whilst sucking on the head of Lee's cock like a lollipop. Almost immediately Lee cried out and shuddered through his release, spilling into Hux's mouth as the man continued to suck and lick until he was drained.

"Lee," Hux's voice was rough and Lee could tell that he was on the verge of tears too. He didn't realise until Hux moved up to lay next to him and stroked his cheek hesitantly with the back of his hand and Lee felt the moisture there.

"Sorry," Lee replied, trying to hide his face in the pillow, "I was just a bit overwhelmed, it was good…" He trailed off into sobs and Hux wrapped himself around him.

Lee let the tears flow, and then Hux was kissing them from his cheeks and then kissing his mouth. That same hesitation again as if seeking permission to be anything more than chaste.

Lee parted his lips, opening to Hux and inviting him in. An invitation that was also taken with hesitation. Lee swallowed and pulled back, looking deep in the man's eyes. Eyes that were so much deeper now, full of emotions Lee wasn't sure he'd ever fully understand.

"Will you… If you want to, we could…" Lee started, unsure whether he should ask as much as he desired Hux, as much as he needed them to be physical again. He didn't want Hux to feel like there was any pressure.

Hux was trembling and Lee hated that he'd said anything.

"I want to. I thought about this so often. I would dream about it, out there in the cold, I'd dream I was home and I'd be warm and inside you, loving you. Listening to you moan as you writhed under me. And then I'd wake up cold and alone. And when I finally get home, I can't do this. Not with my hands… my feet, all gnarled. My face scarred and… My body wasted to barely anything. How can you still want me like this?"

Lee let out an anguished cry at the words, his lower lip trembling.

“I know it’s not the same, I know, but I wasted away when I had cancer. I was… I couldn’t see how anyone could ever be attracted to me. I avoided anyone seeing my body, just quick blow jobs and hand jobs in dark rooms. And then I got better… And my body got strong again and I met you and you made me stronger everyday.” Lee sobbed, wiping tears from his eyes. “You’ll get stronger everyday, and no matter what, like this or how you were before, I still love you and want you.”

Lee took a shuddering breath as he remembered how distant he’d become when he was sick, how he arranged his entire life in such a way as to avoid connections, only a select and special few ever making it through those barriers.

“Don’t shut me out. If you want to be here, then I want you here. I want you.” He sobbed.

Lee hesitated a moment before pushing Hux onto his back, moving over and straddling him. He took hold of Hux’s hands and brought them up to his mouth, despite Hux’s flinch. They were healed now, but he would never get back the finger he’d lost, the few fingertips that were gone. And Lee couldn’t care less. He pressed kisses to the back of Hux’s hands, to his fingers and what remained of them.

“Do you think I care about this? Do you think there’s anything frostbite could have done to you that would have made me care any less for you?” Lee set his jaw and was determined now. “If you do then I think you’ve misjudged me, and what you mean to me.”

Hux looked sheepish and shook his head slightly. But even so, Lee didn’t want to make it seem inconsequential. The man had lost fingers and toes, his body had been somewhat ravaged, and Lee knew that feeling at least all too well.

“You’re still everything to me.” Lee reassured gently, kissing Hux’s hands again.

“My hair is so grey now, I look old.” Hux murmured.

Lee huffed a little laugh, “You look gorgeous, if anything you look more rugged and that was a look you always wore well.”

“I want to be ready, I want to… I want things to be like they were.” Hux swallowed and tried to look away.

Lee tutted and gently cupped Hux’s face so that they were looking at each other again.

“Some of it might never be the same, but some of it will come back over time. One day I’ll come home from work and you’ll slam me up against the door and fuck me senseless before I even have chance to bolt the lock,” Lee chuckled and Hux let out a breathy sigh.

He could feel the little stirrings beneath him, Hux’s interest and desire.

“You… want me to take care of you baby? We don’t need to have sex, not until you’re sure you’re up to it, but I could…” Lee moved off of him and lay back down beside him, pushing his hand down Hux’s pyjama pants.

Hux nodded and bit his lower lip, his breath coming in short gasps as Lee slowly stroked him.

“Lee…” He moaned as Lee began to pump his cock gently, just fast enough to get Hux going without being too rough.

“I’m here baby, I’ve got you,” Lee muttered against the side of Hux’s neck as he laced kisses there, nuzzling into him.

Hux panted and writhed, he squeezed his eyes tight shut causing some tears to shed. Lee kissed them away and muttered loving words against Hux’s ear. Half remembered and terribly pronounced Danish that made Hux chuckle and sob in equal parts as Lee continued to work his cock.

“Oh fuck,” Hux grunted and grabbed Lee’s wrist stopping him as it all became too much the very moment that he came.

They lay there panting for a moment, little sobs between them as trembled and clung to each other.

“Let’s have a bath.” Lee finally said, though made no effort to move. Feeling drained and as physically exhausted as he was emotionally.

He turned to see Hux nod, his mouth downturned and tears rolling down his cheeks. He looked at the ceiling as he spoke, voice choked with emotion.

“I love you Lee. All I ever wished for everyday, was to be back here with you. I didn’t know if you’d want me back.”

Lee let out a heavy sigh and rolled so that he was on his side, leaning over Hux and gently turning his face so that they could look into each other’s eyes.

“Huxley Overgård you’re the love of my life and nothing is going to ever change that.”

Hux smiled and nodded, and Lee was sure that he really, finally did believe it. Especially when he responded in confirmation, squeezing Lee’s hand, “I’m not alone.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!